A Million Miles in a Name

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He always called her Mankanshoku, sticking to the respectful route to keep others off the trail of this relationship, but it was annoying her. She wanted to hear him say her first name. She wanted him to call her Mako and not Mankanshoku. She was determined that tonight's 'home date' would be the night she got him to call her Mako.

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"Gama, please~ Call me Mako. You do not need to call me by my last name, really!"

Mako looked up at Gamagoori with the best puppy eyes she could muster, hoping he would give in to her pleas for a change in honorifics. It was always 'Mankanshoku' this and 'Mankanshoku' that with him and she really wanted to hear Gamagoori call her by her first name. He was being a reluctant man, claiming it was better to call her Mankanshoku in this hidden relationship they began. She pouted in the midst of her puppy eye pleading for her first name to come from those lips. He sighed, running one of his hands through her hair. She smiled, breaking her pout and lighting her face up in blush, and wiggled around on his lap, her feet kicking out at the funny feeling of his fingers running along her scalp. She sat up, actually sitting in his lap, and stared right into his eyes until she jumped and began her ploy once again.

"Pleeeeeaaaase, can you say it? Just once, one time please, can you just call me Mako?" she asked again. Gamagoori shook his head no, smiling enough to break her attempts to continue. She loved when he smiled. It was a beautiful, rare thing to see, and since they started this relationship, she was getting used to his smiling face because he was a sucker for that plea. It was a blast, she had to admit, that she could get the Disciplinary Chair to do things if she pleaded enough or was cute enough. Ever since this secret relationship began, Gamagoori melted his harder, colder shells and opened up to Mako, at least in the private isolation of Gamagoori's home and his recent addition in the slums just for meeting with Mako. It was decided unanimously for the benefit of easier meeting and for better chances to keep it hidden. It was a must, seeing that they were 'enemies' and bringing this relationship in the open would start a war way bigger then they could handle.

She curled up against him, starting their usual meeting end routine. It always ending in her cuddling up against him and falling asleep on the couch wrapped up in him. It was perfect, really. The warmth of his body, the soft pattering of his heart in her ear, the cautiousness in his touches and movements. She felt him shift underneath her, moving to lounge out on his back as he usually did, and she squealed as he moved quickly to do so, making her land against his chest with a soft thud.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, slapping his arm as it wound around her. He gave a soft laugh, the corners of his mouth twitching in a small, almost unnoticed smile.

"To get you to focus on something else"

Mako pouted. "Just once Gama! Pleeeeeaaase, please!"

"Mankanshoko… please stop"

But Mako's pout did not leave, and she sat up in defiance, breaking their meeting-end ritual. Gamagoori followed suit, sitting up enough to get an arm around Mako's waist before she fled the couch. She poked at his chest with two poised fingers, her pout getting larger.

"Come on! It's not that hard to say! I know you can say it! Please, just once!"

"Mankanshoku…" Gamagoori sighed. Mako's fury grew, her hand flying out to grab at his collar, pulling him extremely close to her face, their forehead centimeters away. Gamagoori's face lit in a light red blush, but did not fight Mako on the closeness.

"Then explain why you can't! Why can't you just call me by my first name? Why is it so hard to finally break this barrier!?"

Mako gave a great sigh when Gamagoori decided to stay silent, lowering her forehead to touch with his. She closed her eyes, fed up with the look in his eyes; like he was lost and did not know what to

do. This is the first time she had seen Gamagoori look at her like this and she knew the instant she saw it that she would hate it.

"Why is it so hard? It's just a name, a word, two syllables," Mako whispered, "… why can't you say it Ira?"

Gamagoori's eyes widened, realizing she had called him by his own first name. Though the surprise was more to the fact that small crystal tears fell down Mako's shadow-highlighted face. Her face twisted in sorrow, her hands grabbing harder into his shoulders as she slid boneless off the couch and on to the floor. She let go and simply rested her head on his knees, holding on to his legs.

"Why is it not allowed? Please Ira… tell me why"

Mako's heart heaved heavily, hurt by the silence that echoed after her pleas and questions. She let the tears fall, she let her voice crack, and she let his soft sobbing come out. She was hurt by the notion beyond what she originally thought. The fact that it stayed silent hurt even more. She just wanted an answer, even if it was a response in the negative or a shout at her to stop being foolish. She didn't care. She just wanted an answer. She felt Gamagoori's fingers ghost around her chin, and they found their target. He slowly lifted her face, but she fought it, looking down and refusing to see him.

"Please don't cry anymore… Mako"

The tears stopped on moment, her eyes snapping open in awe. She looked up at Gamagoori, wiping leftover tears out of the way. He was smiling, offering a hand to her to help her off the floor. She gladly took it, smiling wide as she settled on Gamagoori's lap, cuddling up into his shoulder, her smile reaching ear to ear. It finally happened, he finally said it and it sounded like music. He finally called her by her first name.

"You said it" Mako breathed, "You finally said it"

"It has a nice ring, I have to admit Mako"

Her first name on his lips again sent shivers down her body. She giggled into the crook of his neck, happy beyond belief. Gamagoori hugged her back tightly, smiling into her shoulder with relief and happiness. Before Gamagoori knew it, Mako had fallen asleep soundless up against him, gently squeezing his back and smiling in her unconsciousness. He sighed, already aware that it was bound to happen, and silently gathered her up in his arms, grabbing her school bag, and walking out of the apartment. Mako shifted in his arms, mumbling his name ad smiling like an idiot, sending a soft blush to Gamagoori's chilled cheeks. He knew it would get cold, why didn't he bring a jacket?

Nonetheless, he reached his destination and found his spotter waiting for him and Mako. He stepped into the light of the overhead street light, and his spotter did he same.

As usual, Ryuuko Matoi gave a sharp smile as he approached her. He carefully slid Mako out of his arms and into Ryuuko's awaiting ones. Mako mumbled in her sleep again, but settled into Ryuuko's arms.

Ryuuko was the only person they could trust with this secret relationship, and it was only on the fact that she saw how Gamagoori acted and treated Mako; with a respect and closeness that was obvious, yet something sweeter under the surface of the obvious friendly feelings. She had agreed to cover for them when their after-school 'dates' happened when she was approached by Mako during a lunch break and later by Gamagoori on a fake disciplinary call. She knew the moment she had been called up to meet him that he was being genuine in his attempts to do this. Even now she saw it all over his face that he really cared for the No-Star ditz.

Gamagoori left without a word; a thing she had gotten used to as he usually brought Mako back asleep and softly snoring away the rest of the night. However, Mako stirred and awoke jumping off Ryuuko and shouting for Gamagoori. He turned around just in time for Mako to careen into him, hugging him and pulling as close as she could to

him. Gamagoori looked up to see Ryuuko waving him to 'go ahead' and disappear back into the Mankanshoku apartment.

"Good night Ira" Mako yawned. Gamagoori hugged her back, smiling once again. He let her go first, brushing a wild mat of hair out of her face.

"Good night Mako"

Mako made a quick move, a sleigh of hand action that caught Gamagoori off guard. She stood up on her toes as high as she could and left a swift kiss on his cheek. She slowly descended back down on her flat feet, watching Gamagoori's face slowly turn red. He saw that her own face gone pink in embarrassment, yet she stayed controlled and calmed. She giggled softly before turning on her heels and running up to her home. She stopped before she crossed the threshold and turned back to him.

"Goodnight Ira Gamagoori" and back into the house she went, leaving Gamagoori to collect himself. He ran a pal mover the cheek she kissed nad smiled toward the house. As usual, Mako caught him off guard on things he thought she had no clue in.

"Good night Mako Mankanshoku"

LOOK A IRAMAKO FANFIC!

I may just be the first to do this, but I don't really care. What I worry about is if I didn't get them in character or not! Ohhh, I hope I did! My first Kill la Kill fanfiction! I am really happy with this I really hope you readers are too!

Please review and tell me if I got it right!